THE HUNT FOR WIND MAKER

REGEND OF A GOD PRACED BY THE BLACKFOOT INDIANS.

Search for the Edge of the World and the Jamping Off, Place—Death of the Chief's Wife and the Attempt to Slay the God that Caused It—The Drend of Wind Maker Kipp, Mont. Dec 11.-The guides engaged by a couple of city men passing the summer "-the Hockies were Old Man Weaver and Francols Monroe, two of the survivors of the old frentier Weaver was about 60 years of age, and his thin, long hair, as well as his beard, was white as snow, yet he was every bit as active as any one in the party, and his keen blue eyes sighted the fife as well as ever. Francois was about as old as his partner, and also very quick and sturity a fireless climber, a keen hunter. His tather on old voyageur of the Hudson Bay Company, was Scotch Prenchman; his mother a daughter of were those of the Indian, but his manner was a combination of that of the three races from which

which could not be verified, yet he never laughed et his partner's views, however fanciful. One evening the little party made plans to stalk a hand of mountain sheep that had been seen a nearby mountain at sunset. There were ten or a dozen of them, feeding on the very crest and their forms, sharply outlined against the brilliant glow of the western sky, revealed fact that they were all large old rams, carry ing massive heads of horns. But with the break of day there came a furious wind sweeping down the canon such as the city men had inever before experienced. The lodge, although sheltered by a dense growth of pines, bent and trembled before the blasts, until it seemed as if it certainly would be torn from the ground and carried out to the plains. Of course there could be no hunting on the mountains while it lasted, and no one ventured to arise until long after the sun had appeared above the horizon. Francois was the first to leave his bed, and as he whittled some susvings for a fire he remarked plaintively:
"It must be that Wind Maker loves those sheep

up on the mountain; he is making a great blow so we cannot hant them."

"Wind Maker" asked one of the city men.
"Who is that? What does he do?" "Ah, I cannot tell you now," Francois replied. "One may not speak of the gods in the daytime, if he does he will go blind. Wait until the sunset,

wait until night, and then I will tell you all."

It was a long day the hunters put in. The wind continued to blow so flercely that they did not even venture out into the timber for fear of being crushed by a falling tree. Instead, they kept to the lodge and invented useless little jobs to pass away the time. Among other things, they are four meals, with many functions between. At last the sun disappeared behind the

after they had been talking about what the other side of the plains mucht wook like, the chief said:

"'Weil, why sit here and wonder how it is? Tomorrow we will all start for that place, and when "So the next day they started, the dogs carrying

and dragging their property, the women seading and packing their children, the men walking on ahead with their bows strung, ready to meet any danger which might lurk along their way. When night came, they were very tired, and won-

when night came, they were very tired, and wondered how much farther they would have to
travel to reach the edge. In the morning, at day
light, they cumbed a bill, and when the sun arose
they saw that he appeared just behind a hill, far
to the east, so far that it booked blue and dim.
There, they said, is the place; further than
we can travel to-day, but by to morrow night
we murely will reach it.
"So they travelled on again, all that day, and
the next day too, and then when evening came
they arrived at the foot of the butte toward which
they had been jou neying. There they made
their camp, but some of the men, anxious to see
what the end of the world would be like, circuled
to the top of the hill, so that they could get a good
view as soon as day should break and see where
best to approach it. It was in the middle of the
mmer and the night was short, they had slept
but ittile when a faint tight oppeared in the eastern
aky. Every minute it grew brighter and brighter,
a little way beyond the butte they saw the plain
smooth here and flat, there broach by low hins
and ridges. The light grew stronger and they
saw every minute a wider and wide stretch of the
plain. Fresently the sin at peared, far oil, very
far oil, where the hills looked an couple of days
before Much disappointed they slowly went
down to the camp to beit the news.

"Well, said the chief, when he had heard them,
it is very strange. I can't understand it. Two
days ago I was sure our journey wontiend here,
that at this butte we would see the immping off
place. But we will not give up, we will keep
travelling until we some to it."

"So they travelled on again, travelled to the
east for many days, honing each market, avers

lace. But we will not give up, we will keep travelling until we come to it."
"So they travelled on again, travelled to the

"So they travelled on again, travelled to the east for many days, hoping each might to arrive at the ead of their nourney, and racid morning finding that it was apparently at far off as ever. At ast they became their and forester, and one afternoon, arriving at a near where a race trong and swift barred their was, hey concluded to go no further. The belief his near was far below the level of the plain. It mands very steep which sloped down to its shortes.

The will remain up here I said the chief, and pitch tay nodge where I can be all times lock about ever the country and which he approach of any danger. The rest of you go down and camp be add the river, where both wood and water will be handy.

The next day about noon some black ground.

be also the river, where both wood and water will be hands.

The next day about noon some black clouds appeared in the west, conting very swiftly over the plant, soon it grew dark, ligatining blazes, the ti under boared and a terrible rain set in. Then an awail wind came roaring along and swept the chief's ledge and everything in it, him and by wite, his children and logge, over the edge of the steep bank. The Morm passed on as quickly at it had come, and the man crawled out of the brush where he had fairen, cooking and cailing for his family. One by one he found his children where they, too, had been burled into the timber and friesh, and he led then to the ledges at the foct of the hill, which were unharmed. But his site could not be found, whether the wind had carried her to some far-off country, or whether it had cast her into the river where she drowned, they never knew.

carried her to some far-off country, or whether it hadicast her into the river where she drowned, they never knew.

The chief felt very sad after his loss, and the camp was moved back toward the mountains, away from the fatal place. Besides his daughter, who was a grown young women, the chief had a number of other children, one of them a little thing one or two moons old. He found it a hard task to provide and care for them, even with his chaughter said; and presently the little one lacking its mother a milk, sickened and died. Then the chief got mad. Wheever will find the at evil one, who makes the wind, he cried "who ever will find him and kill him, or show me where I can find and kill him, or show me where I can find and kill him, that one shall be chief in my place, and my daughter shall be his wife.

When he said that a young man named Broken arrow stepped out and east. I will so and find this wif one, and alsy tim with my own hand; will find the wird maker and deatr y bim, not beat I wish to be a chief; no, that place you must

always fill All the reward I ask is your daughter; HIGH EXPLOSIVE SHELLS.

we have wished to marry for a long time.

"Go, then young man, the chief replied, T will pray for your succes."

Thoken Arrow made preparations for his quest and consulted with the old man as to which directions he had better take. They talked a long time about it, for it was difficult to decide. Twas the control that Wind Maker had no particular place of abode, for the winds blew from all directions; sometimes from the south, sometimes from the east of north. Hut mostly it came from the west; all the hard significant for the world and look there. Throken Arrow shouldered his bow and quiver his little sack of food and extra mocrasins, and started. In their travels the people had come a long way from the mountains, and now he had to go back over the wide plains alone. But the wind was in his face day after day, and he felt sure he would find the maker of it somewhere among the great peaks which bound up away in the distance. As he strode swiftly along over the rolling peatie he was strounded at all times by kerrls of game. The buffale would accrely move out of his way, and sometimes old bulls would switch their shear talls and toss their shargy heads menacingly. Great woives would sat on their haunches and stare at him, and then tot around smiffing and following his trail. Then the yearne man would pray to them and say. The will have been allowed to them make of the peaks placed on their haunches, looked at him with their mean, wleed little eyes, and worked their nozes, wrinkling them, twisting them, anithing the air to get wome seen! of him. Presently one said. Waugh! Then they all said Waugh! and charged at him. Broken Arrow far as swiftly and charged at him. Broken Arrow for he had not on their haunches to the mountains. When he early the heavy time and wound and stanched the flow of blood. There were seven of the bears and or him, and they began a terribl he had sprung. Above all Francois was super efficient he believed in omens, in dreams, and in the philosophy -or shall we say religion?-of his mother's people. Weaver believed in nothing

mountains and darkness spread over the deeptimbered canon. The wind gradually died
down, and once more the little brooklet could be
heard rippling over its stony bed. The appeared
time had come when one could talk of the ancient
ones without being stricken blind, and having
lighted his pipe. Francis began his story.

"After Old Man [the Blackfoot Creator] had
made the people, given them bows and arrows,
and taught them how to hunt and procure food,
how to make a fire and how to fashion clothing

made the people, given them hows and arrows, and taught them how to hunt and procure food, how to make a fire and how to fashion clothing from the skins of animals they killed, he left them to get along the best they could. Some day, he told them. I will return some day, he told them. I will return some day when you are in great trouble and need my help. That was long ago, soon after the beginning of the world, but no one has seen him since, eithough the people have had great troubles and needed his help. While tild Man was with them, he did not teach his children anything except how to cottain food and to live confortably. He did not say what caused the lightning and the him det, what made the awful stoms from the north, what caused the wind to blow all this, and more, he left the people to find for themselves.

The was summer and they were traveling about discovering the country, for it was as yet an new to them, all except the one spot at the foot of the mountains where they had comed about a little great brown plains, so far, so wide, that they could not see what was beyond, although they thought they could make out where the sky came down to the ground end the world ends and what the sky is made of that it looks so blue, But the way seemed long, and they had on means to carry their lodges, their bedding and food, except upon their backs, and inst was ardivered and so they had been talking about what the other world was a force of their shelter and food; and then one day work. After many years they learned to pack their dogs: to make them draw travois loaded with their shelter and food; and then one day work after they had been talking about what the other was traveled to the shelp and color of its brinkes and locked with their shelter and food; and then one day the process of the called to the shelp and color of its brinkes and locked the great brown plains, so far, so wide, that they could not see what was beyond, although they thought they could not see what was beyond. The shelp of the shelp and color o

when the chief said. You have done well. Yet one thing more I must ask of you before I give you my daughter. Lead me to the place where Wind Maker dwells. I must kill him some way. I must aweing the great wrong he has done me. The holges were taken down, the dores packed and the people all journeyed back to the fost of the mountains. When they arrived there, the chief fold some of the mean is go with him, and led by Broken Arrow. When they arrived there, the chief fold some of the mean is go with him, and led by Broken Arrow, they starred out to find Wind Maker. First, they went to the place where the coming man had seen him, but he was not there. Then they journeyed furner to the north, following allowing the summit of the mountains, and at least one day discovered him standing on the marrow. But to of a near-by hutte.

The mann here, said the chief to his men must go and kill his animal alone. First, I will ray my bow and arrow, and if that fails i will ray my bow and arrow, and if that fails i will ray my bow and arrow, and if that fails i will ray my bow and arrow, and if that fails i will ray my bow and arrow, and if that fails i will ray my bow and arrow, and if that fails i will ray my bow and arrow, and if that fails i will ray my bow and arrow, and if that fails i will ray my bow and arrow, and if that fails i will ray my bow and arrow, and if that fails i will ray my bow and arrow, and if that fails i will ray my bow and arrow, and if that fails i will ray my bow and bore the chief of the board will be service searched the will be supposed to the post of the sound that pos

a the chief one, who like a came up and I was merely lookin for a chance to see the fight, it went out like a candle same was with dog fights never saw one, though a good dog fight is a pet sight for me. So I gave the policy of the policy o

HIGH EXPLOSIVE SHELLS,

HIGH EXPLOSIVE SHELLS,

**The Government seal of the on the Potts of Review Prince Array of Prince P

I must see and kill this animal alone. First I will rey my box and arrow and if that fails I will rey my box and arrow and if that fails I will rey my box and arrow and if that fails I will rey my box and arrow and if that fails I will rey my box and arrow and if that fails I will rey my box and arrow are if that fails I will rey my box and arrow are if that fails I will rey my box and arrow are represented by the control of the control

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"Want" advertisements for THE SUN may be left at any American District or Postal Telegraph Messenger office. Charges the same as a THE SUN office.—Ade.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING MAN.

A GUILLESS, UNCERTAIN BRING
NOW IN THE SHOPS.

Often in Need of Assistance and Generally
Bountful of What He Wans-Provakes
Baseless Suspicions, too - Sometimes
Extremely Generous and Unpractical
The Christmas shopping man increases in numbers and expands in guilelessness and credulity
from year to year. His boliday tours of the shops
are not a whit less entertaining from the dispassionate view point of the porpoise-blooded observe
than the frantic ante-Yule strugglings around the
shopping man feels a consciousness of being involved in a tangle that presents cretain phases of
humor, whereas his mother or his sister. The
wife excepts it all in deadly carnest, and even be
comes careworn and learful over it. The Christmas
as hopping man feels a consciousness of being involved in a tangle that presents cretain phases of
humor, whereas his mother or his sister or his
wife accepts it all in deadly carnest, and even be
comes careworn and learful over it. The Christmas shopping man has been so abundant in the
stores hereaboute during the last week or so that
it is difficult to arrange him and reduce him and
make a composite of him. He is one, however,
in all the main essential characteristics of the
tribe. First and forement, he in the merest bobbing
chip upon the surface of a stormy sea, he doesn't
know what be wants can't tell what he wants it
is difficult to arrange him and reduce him and
make a composite of him. He is one, however,
in all the main essential characteristics of the
tribe. First and foremost, he is the merest bobbing
chip upon the surface of a stormy sea, he doesn't
know what be wants can't tell what he wants is
howed to the him, he had not have the
solid him by the saleswomen with the wary hair,
while he is suspicious of the most obviously truthful statements of the salesmen; pays almost any
price for something that he doesn't want,
rowls savagely over the quite reasonable figure
attached to the thing he doesn't want,
rowls savagely over the quite reasonable figure
to th

silver-topped powder-box with a puff joggling around therein, as he spoke; "how's this for a girl, anyhow? Do they use these things nowadays?" The y ung woman behind the counter of course saw that the young man was trying to put up a bluff to hide his sheepishness and his precise knowledge of powder boxes. "He knows that

girls use 'em as well as I do," she no doubt thought, but she smiled sweetly at him. "Well," she replied, "some girls do, you know. They use them for ornaments for their dresses,

"I thought they splattered the flour on their faces with a piece of chamois skin," said the young man, with a dismal effort at gayety. Of course, the tired counter girl had to smile. The young man would have been grieved had she not smiled Saleswomen are supposed to smile over all the cemarks of Christmas shopping men.

"Now, look a-here," continued the young man, you don't think she'd get sore over the suggestive ness of the thing, my sending her a powder box like I thought she made her face up, do you? Girls noses all get shiny, don't they, and they've got to use powder for that, haven't they?" "A powder box and puff makes a very suitable

resent replied the saleswoman.

"All right greine this one. How much d'je say it was? All right. Now -er -you've got all kinds of silver truck here, haven't you? I want to get a pair of those er -buckles, you know buckles.

The girl behind the counter didn't ask him what The girl behind the counter didn't ask him what kind. She just pin a tray of them before him.

"You don't mind my asking, do you, whether this is all right, the buckle oussiness: the young man imquired." If don't want to make any had breaks. Hegular thing, isn't it, this—er—buckle business for a present? Initials on 'em. you know and all that l'apers say so, anyhow. But I pass it up to you. Wouldn't think it—er—impudent, or anything like that, would she—any girl, y'see, that you just know—understand?"

Thave sold hundro's of pairs of buckles this week to geutlemen, replied the girl, convincingly. What initial do you wish to have engraved on them.

the young man queer performance, tapped in the young man queer performance, tapped in a bloodied of the politics of the politi

what frightened tooking young woman in charge
of the assoriment.

"Well," said the saleswoman, "we have so me
in velours and some in silk and

"Don't make any difference what kind they
are jush gimme 'em," said the man, expansively
"M wife s been working on one dinky sheda p low
'ver shince we were married, more n three yearsh
ago, and shell never get it done. Jush gimme
some shofa p lows. Any kind, so they re sheda
plows."

Plows.

The saleswoman selected four that cost from \$5 to \$5 apiece. The man with the jag declined to have them sent, so they were done up in a funny looking unwieldy hundle, and away be wen with them, the male cierks laying 100 to 1 against his ever getting them home.

TWO BRAS IN LEAVENWORTH. In the Latter the Colonel Was a Changed

Man and Other Things Were Changed. From the . hongo Tribune. "You can put my gun in the safe with my roll

and [watch," said a new arrival to a clerk of the Auditorium. "I shan't want it here. I recken, but my town is coming to the front again and I out on my gun a few months ago when the belated

The clerk wondered and asked a question. The guest told him thas':

"About thirty years ago, I think it was, I went out West. The steamboat on which I had travelled tied up one morning at Leavenworth. had paid my passage to Omaha, but when I saw Leavenworth i ordered my luggage put on and ioliowed it amore. It seemed to me that nature had done so much for that fown that it was a sate place to stop. The natural sate of the fown, as I saw it that morning, lingers in my memory like

should try to set down on canvas the face and figure of a street sweeper whom I saw the other day in a narrow downtown street. While his handicart was standing against the cirb on one side of the breet, the sweeter himself being at that moved to breet, the sweeter himself being at that moved to the circuit of the breet, the sweeter himself being at that moved to the circuit of the other blying his broom, there came along a young man driving a truck, who found that it was going to be a very narrow squeeze for him to get through in the space that was left between the handcart and the outlits passing of the other side, but he didn't hesitate on that account he kept straight alead, and yet not recalessly as a matter of fact, he used reasonable care about the handcart.

"There was, however, not room for him to pass, he struck the handcart, but he struck it very gently; and as he kept agoing his wheels drew the handcart partly stround and upenced it has it didn't ue fee anywhere, with its wheels against the curb, or anything of the sort, where it would smash, but kent moving all the time, as pressure was applied, which the truckman saw, and keeping against the continued to pull the handcart up and around and over until he hedde't it undignifiedly strended on its side on the sidewalk.

"During the last of the handcart's clattering truck-compelled gyrations the sweeter had stood over there on the other side of the street. Booking on with in lignant surprise, but there was n tains for him to do but to wait; the truck would to use long before he could get across the street. Booking on with in lignant surprise, but there was n tains for him to do but to wait; the truck would to use long before he could get across the street. Booking on with in lignant surprise, but there was n tains for him to do but to wait; the truck would to use long before he could get across the street.

BULL PUP IN HIS CELLAR. COOK AND FURNACE MAN ON STRIKE

COLD SNAP HERE

Mr. Suburbanite Thinking of a Hurry Call for the Navy and a Few Explosive Shells
-The Pleasure of Owning a Thorough-bred Dog in the Country Not All It is

Cracked Up to Be by a Good Deal, The silence which followed an appreciative consumption of five Rob Roy cocktails simultaneously by five men who admitted that they knew a good thing when they drank it was broken by Mr. Suburbanite's question

"If, as a citizen of this country and hence a part owner of our glorious Navy, you were going to write to the Secretary of that Department for a favor, how would you address him? As 'Dear Mr. Secretary, or as 'The Honorable Secretary of the Navy?"

"That suggests the much debated question of etiquette as to which chases the bell if it goes over the fence when you are practising golf strokes with your cook in the back yard," said Brown. "My preference in your case is for the Democratic greeting of 'Dear Old Man,' winding up your letter with 'Pro bono publico' or something like it, too show that you know your constitutional rights. My advice is always free to you, Suburbanite, because you live in the country.

"As I understand the question," continue-Mr. Suburbanite, "if you are a free-born American citizen and the case is urgent you have a right to summon the Navy to your aid." "Riot broke out in Suburbanville?" asked Jones.

"Well, not exactly, but near it," said Suburbanite. "It's a dog, a bull pup, to be accurate. and he has taken full possession of my cellar. He resents intruders and my furnace is in the cellar. Can't you see the situation? The man who takes care of my furnace has struck, because he is a family man and his life is not his own, and herides he has asked me to pay a bill for a new suit of clothes because when he emerged from the cellar on his last visit he did not have enough clothes on to talk about. There was an additional item for a physician's expensa. This cold snap has brought matters to a crisis My furnace has burned out because the man wouldn't face the dog, and when I attempted it I was forced to retreat in disorder. My cook can't go down into the cellar for vegetables and the only redeeming feature of the whole now is that the gas man got badly nipped as he was trying to read the meter and he swears he won't attempt it again until that pup is put out. Of course it's just the pup's way of having fun and relieving the monotony of a cellar existence, but it's awkward "

"What do you expect from the Navy?" asked

Brown. "I don't want any unusual favore," said Suburbanite. "but I notice that the navy is spending some money on target practice. You know Suburbanville is on the Sound and it has occurred to me that the Secretary might send a battle ship or at least a mounter with heavy guns up there to do a little shooting if I will furnish the target. Every dog sharp tells me that drastic measures are good for young dogs, especially buil pups. Now if the navy would kindly drop

Spring field and Urbana Railroad, found the sicilation of a human being in a gravel pit near Medway that is attracting widespread attention. This skull contains four horns, two each safe of the head. They are uniform in size, and about two inches long. They are situated above and below the ears. Those above turn upward, and those below downward. On the right side of the heal the skull is basily fractured indicating that the being had been killed by some sharp instrume it. The skull is about twice as thick as a white man sit was first thought to be that of an Indian, but the borns indicate that it is the skeleton of some race who inhabited these parts before the Indiana.